

Did you ever take yore Saturday bath
 An' try to wash an' scrub,
 While squattin' down on yore haunches
 In a galvanized washing tub?
 If not, then you ain't missed a thing
 But I'm tellin' you what's right
 I done it until I wuz almost grown
 An' every doggone Saturday night.

In summer time it wuz bad enuff,
 But in winter it wuz really rough.
 Spreadin' paper, fillin' buckets and kettles
 An' all that sorta stuff.
 But getting ready for that ordeal
 Wuz only half o' the rub
 O' takin' a bath on Saturday night
 In a galvanized washin' tub.

Did you ever stand there stripped to th' skin
 A wood stove bakin' yore hide,
 A-dreadin' to put yore dern foot in
 For fear you'd burn alive?
 Finally you got th' temperature right
 And into the tub you'd crawl,
 That cold steel'd touch yore back

An' you'd squeal like a fresh stuck hog.

You'd get outta th' tub next to th' stove
 An' stand there drippin' and shakin'
 The front o' yore body's a freezin' to death
 While the back o' yore body's a bakin'.
 A-shiverin' n' shakin', a burnin' n' bakin'
 That's the price I had to pay.
 That awful ordeal will haunt me
 Until I'm old and grey.

I ain't thru yet - there's somethin' else
 That I been wantin' to say,
 I wuz the youngest of all the kids
 What bathed each Saturday,
 Now we all bathed accordin' to age
 An' I fell last in order
 Which meant I had to wash myself
 In that same dad-blamed water.

I'm a man o' clean habits,
 An' believe in a bath a week
 It helps to keep clean an' healthy,
 An' it freshens up my physique
 But if I had my druthers,
 I'd druther eat a bug
 Than to take my Saturday bath again
 In a galvanized washin' tub.

